nslet3.



2. Anthems

The Souls Congings

"Come unto Him".

\* \* 2

O gracions God Low of merce's might,
They do I live amiss this worts of war ?
They do I live amiss this worts of war ?
There every day dotte seem blue as night,
Thile sorrows seek my spirits overthrow.

I hear they word, + would obey they will, But would the power that might perform tydke I know the good, + fain would leave the ill, ; and from the sorrow that dotte sin ensue.

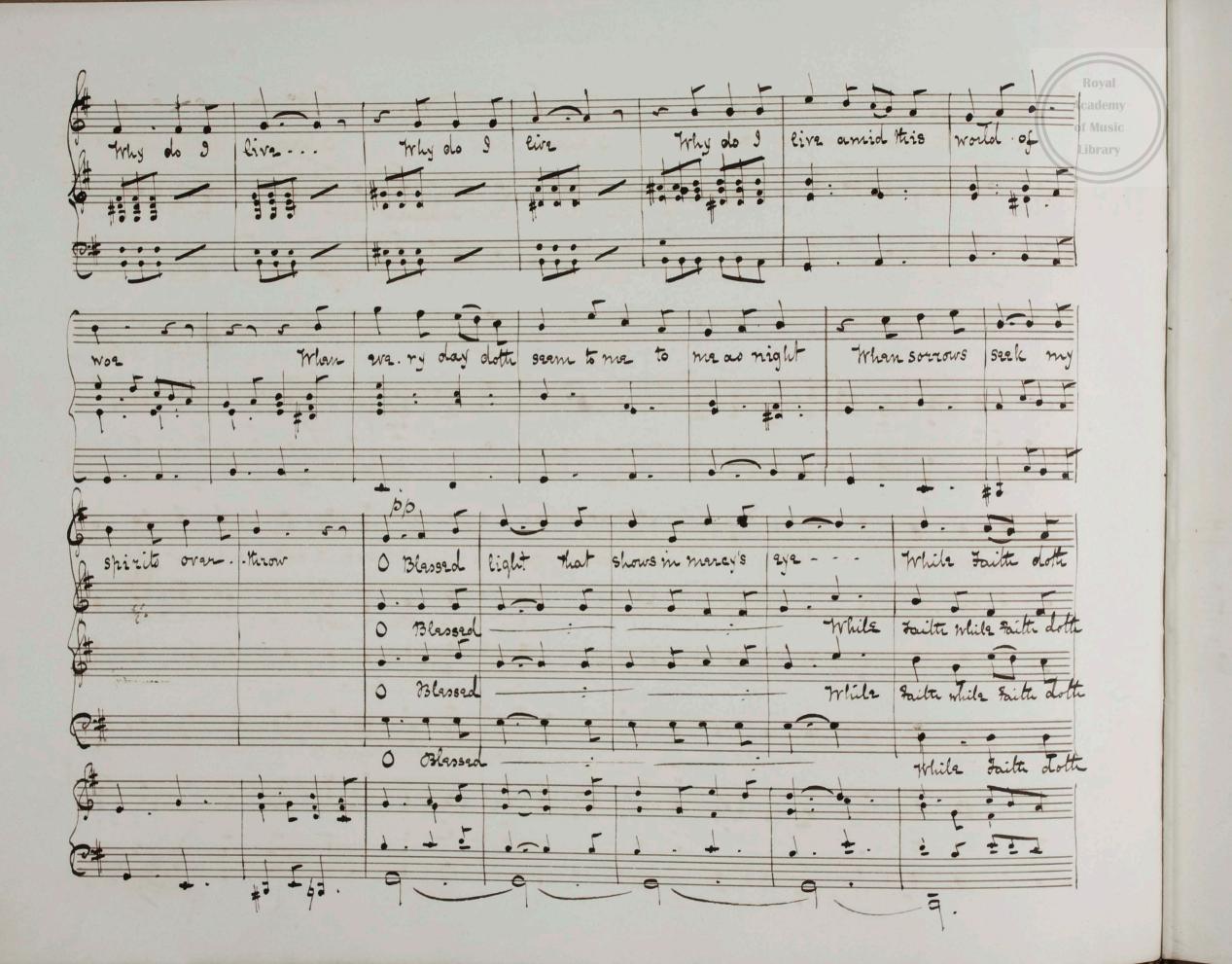
And yet I fall into that depth of sin that makes me fear the judgment of the weaks hutil they grace dotte all my help begin To know what comfort failts in mercy hatte.

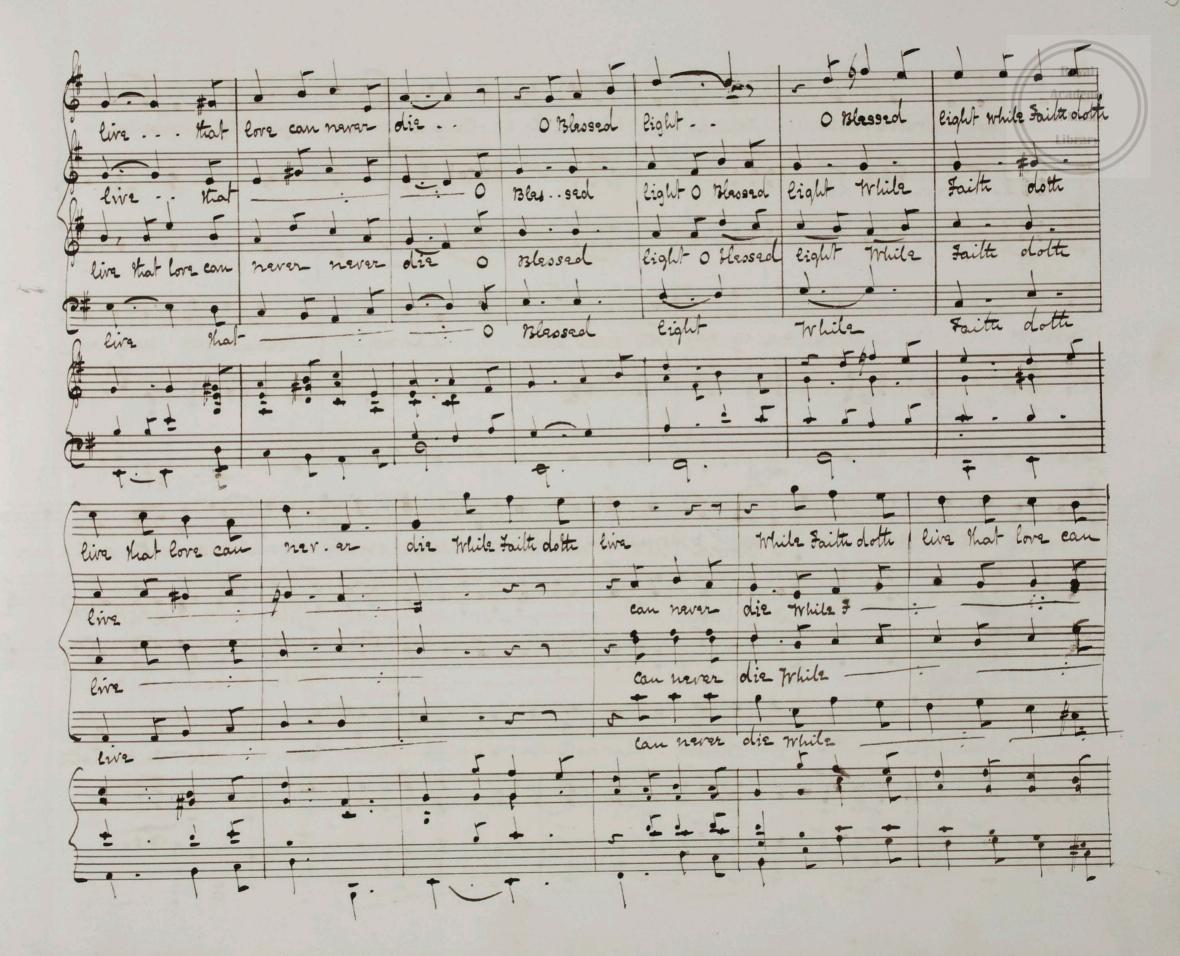
O Blessed Light Hat-shows in merey's eye! While faitte dotte live, that love can never die.

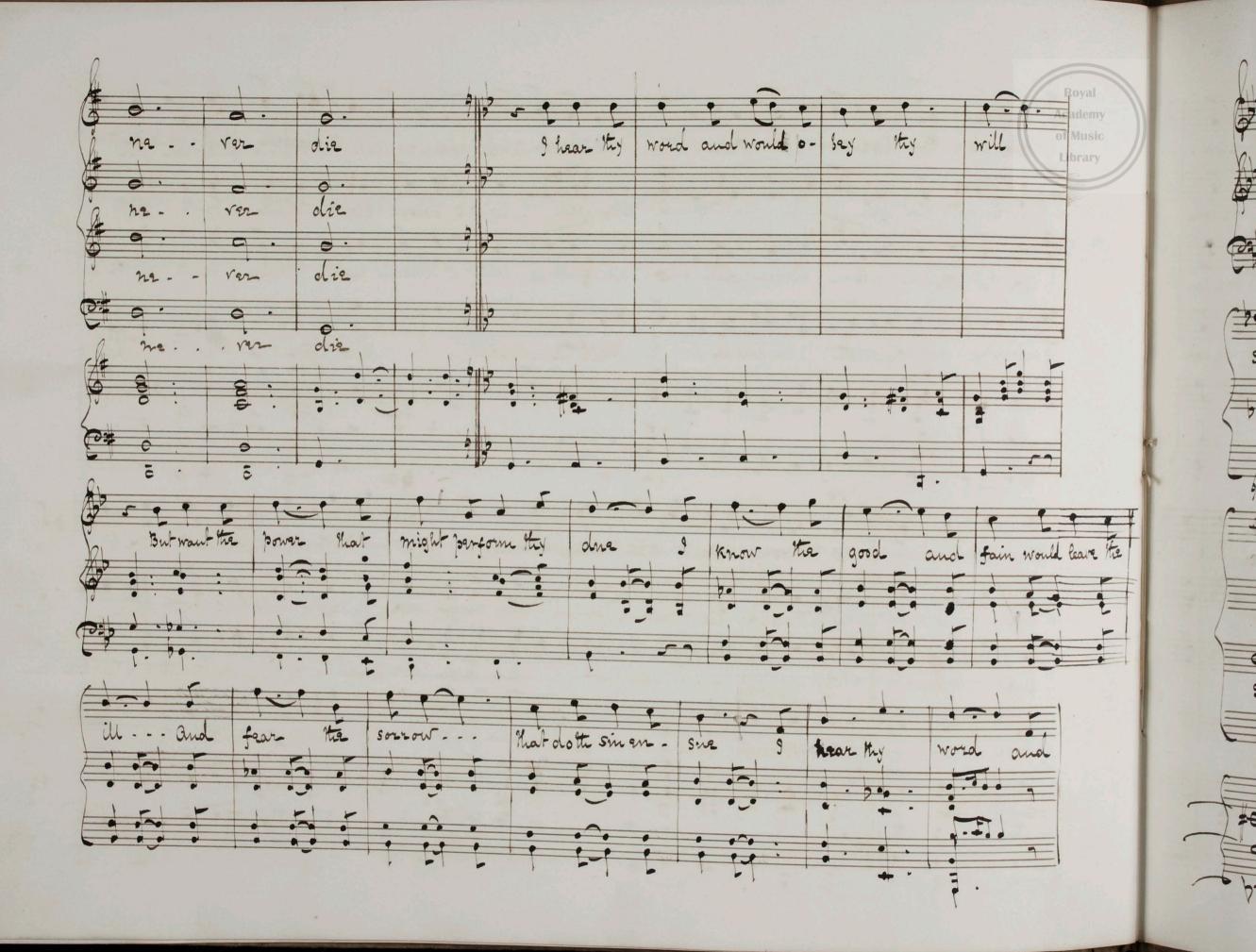
Sir Richolas Breton

Royal Academy of Music Library Jul



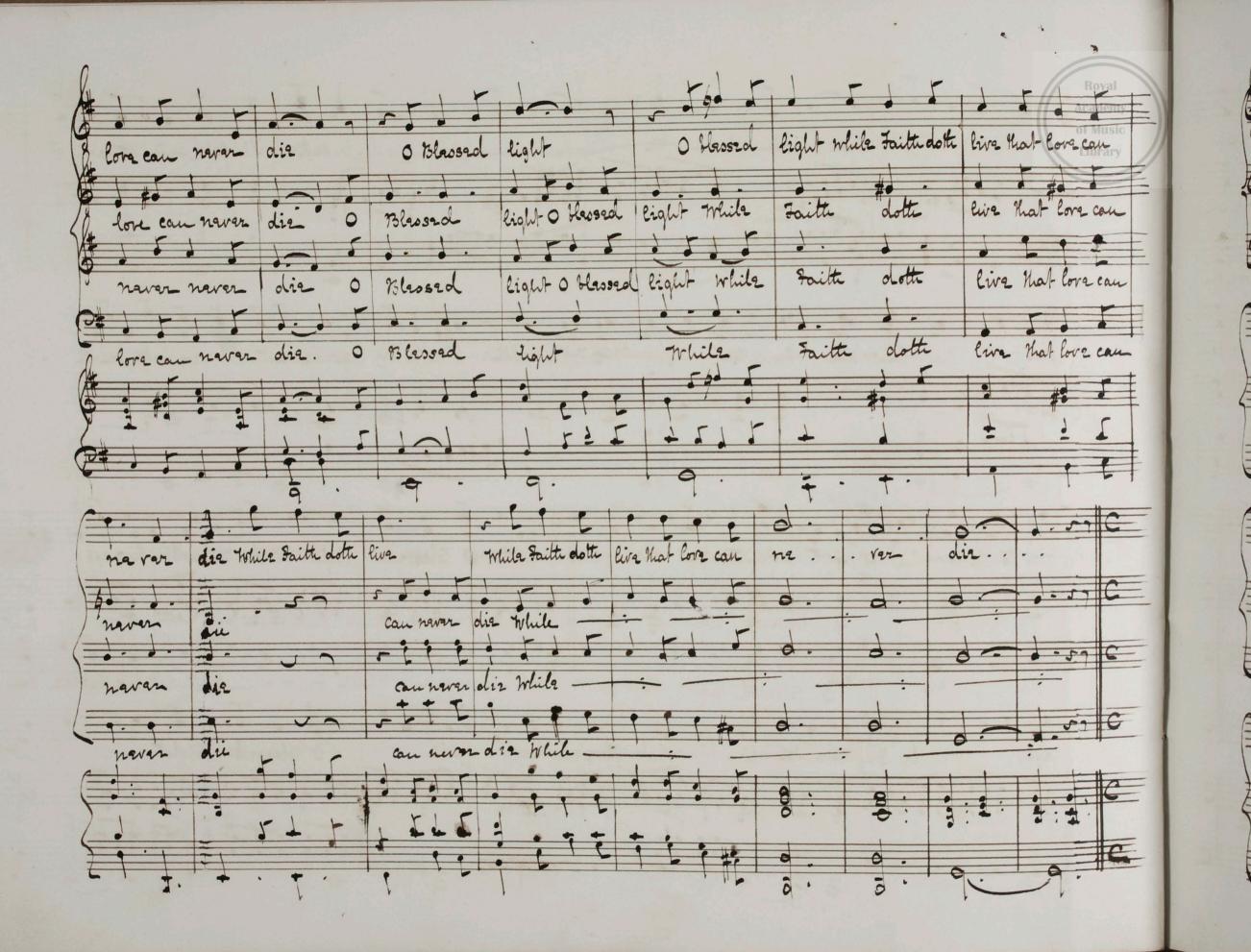


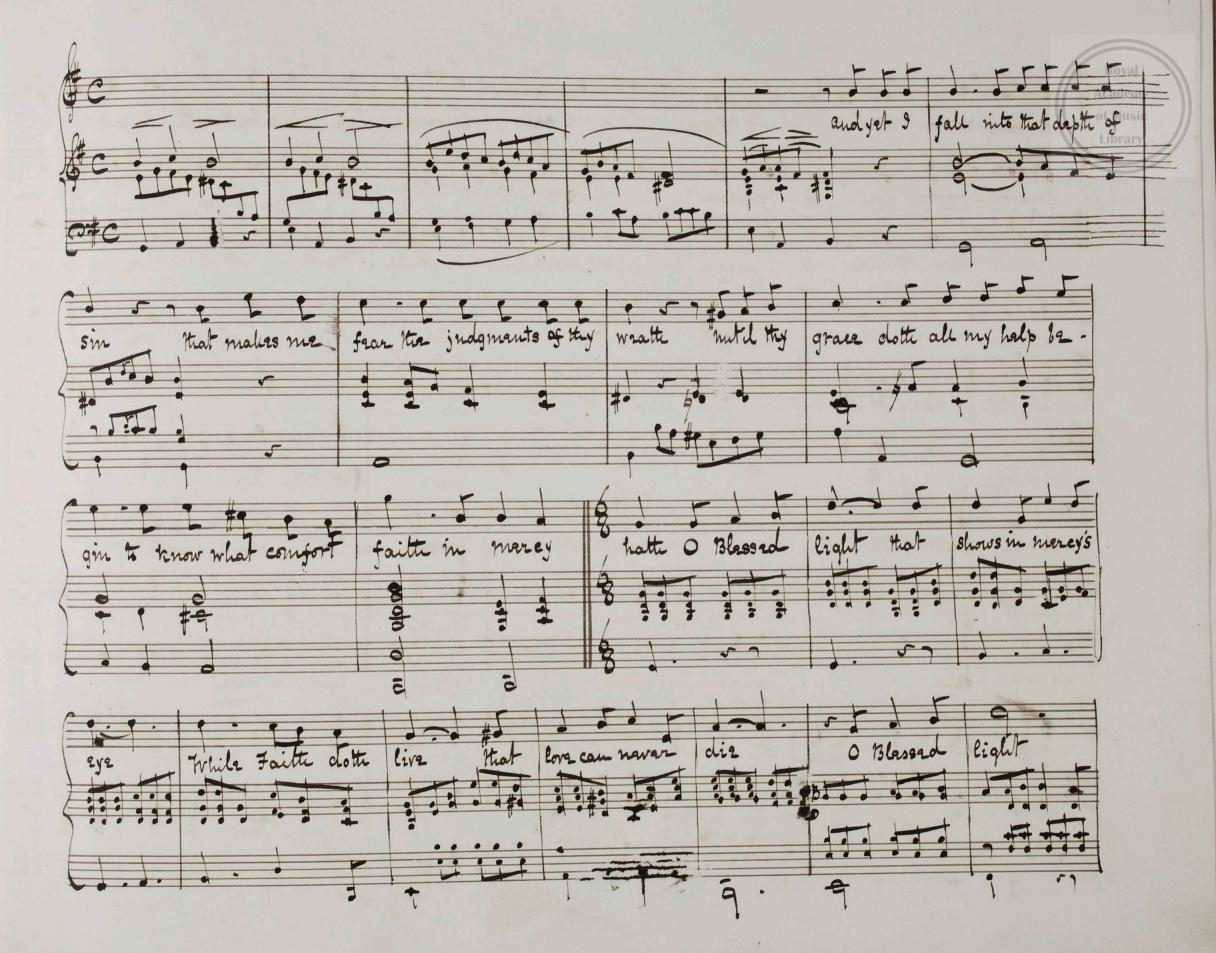






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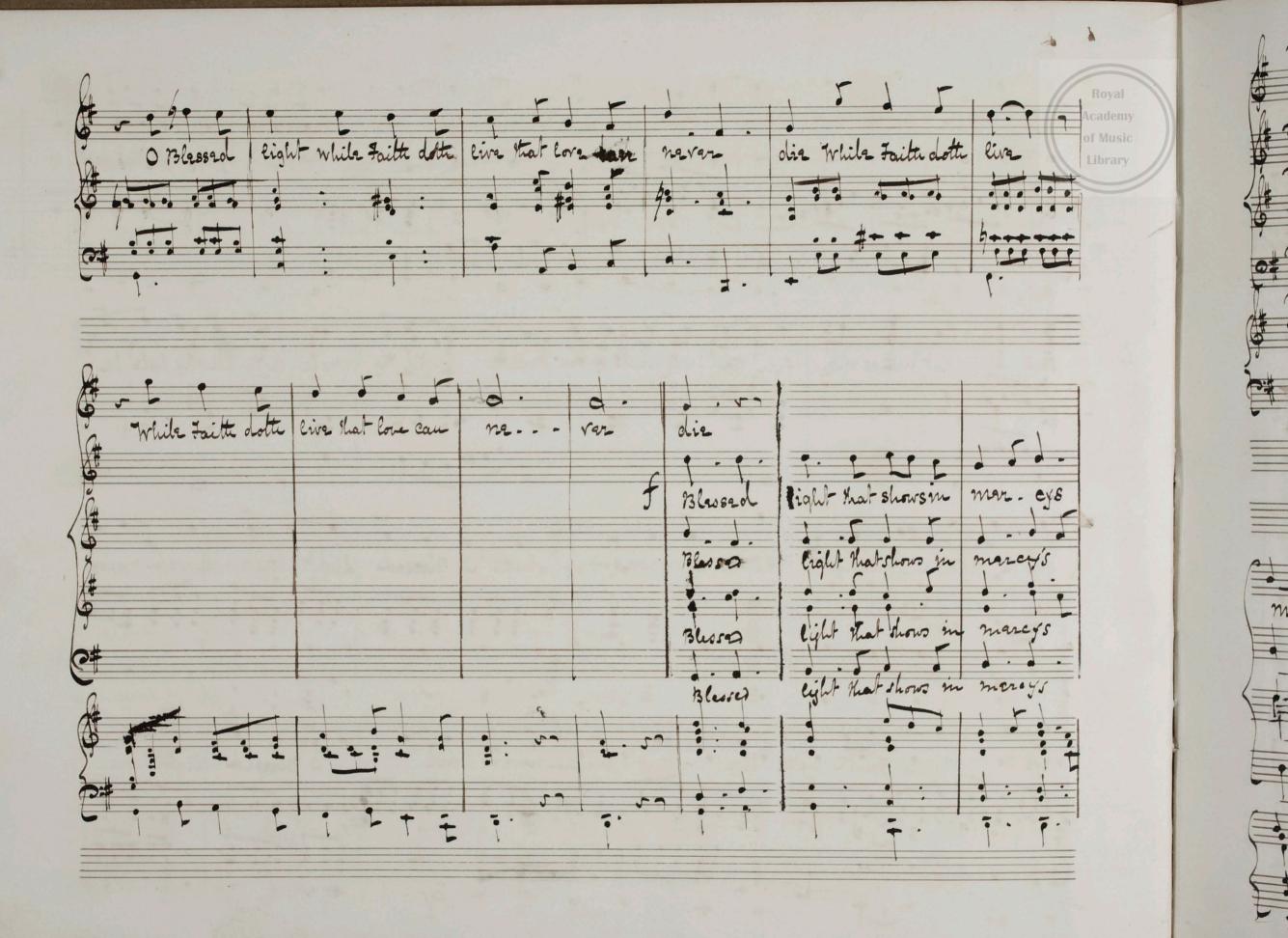
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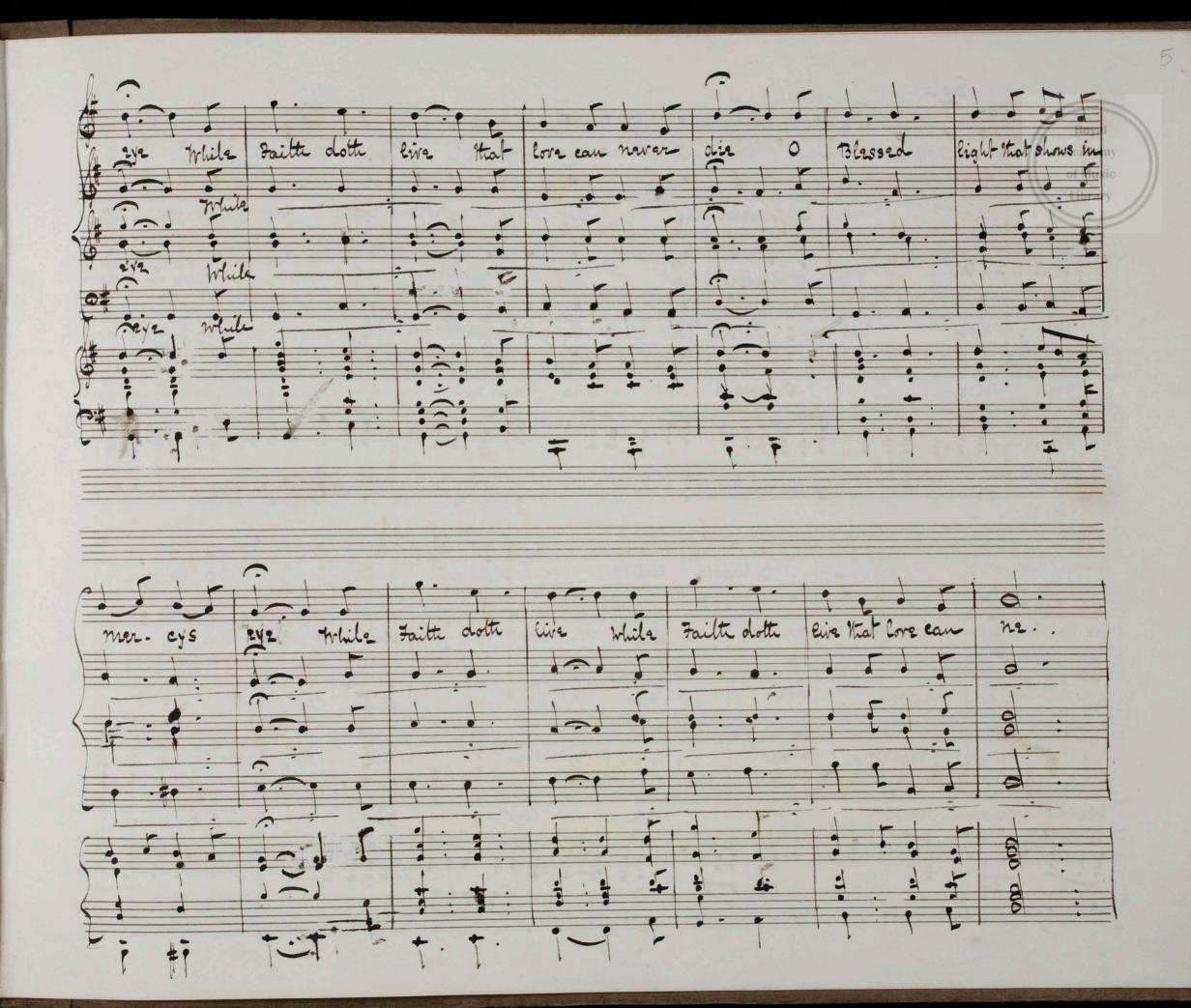
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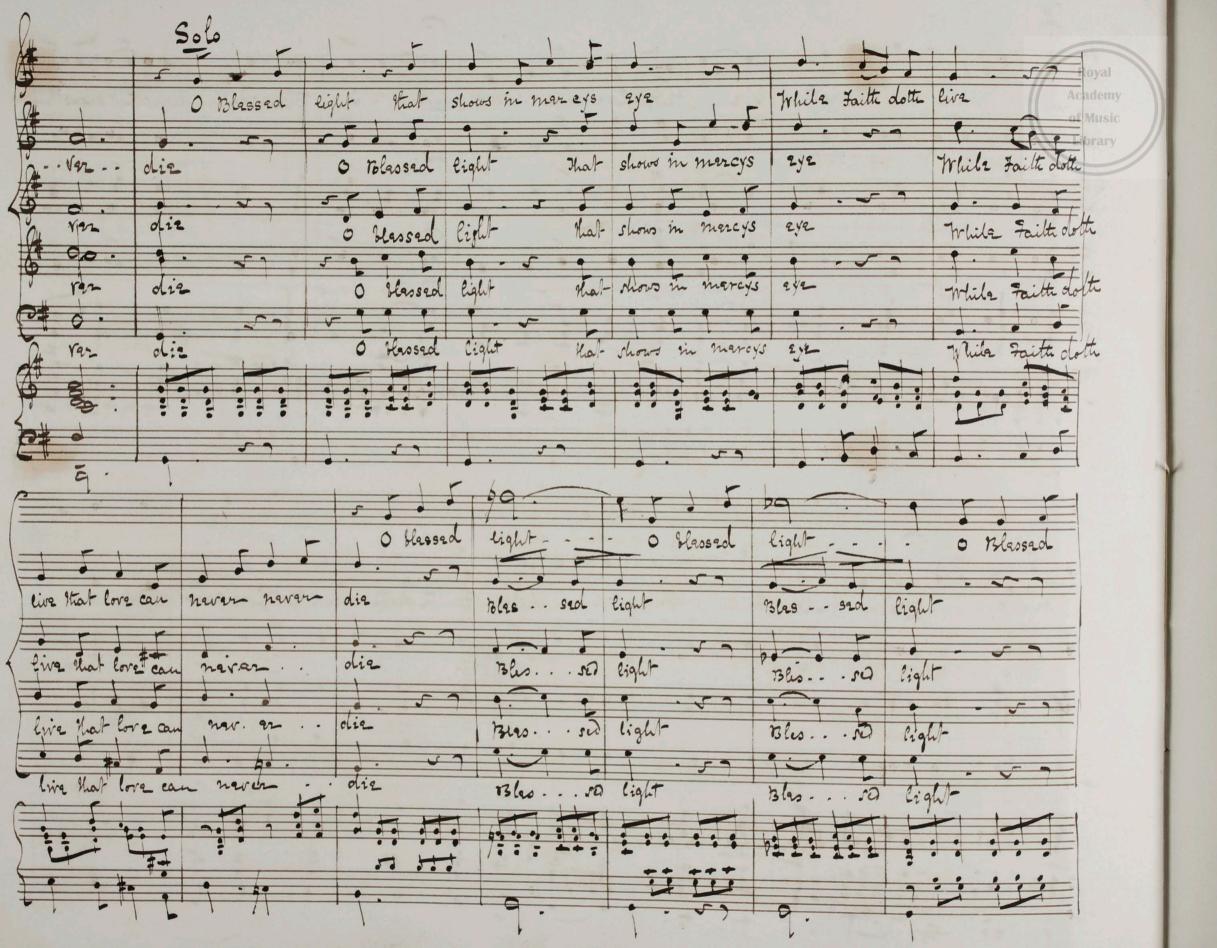
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